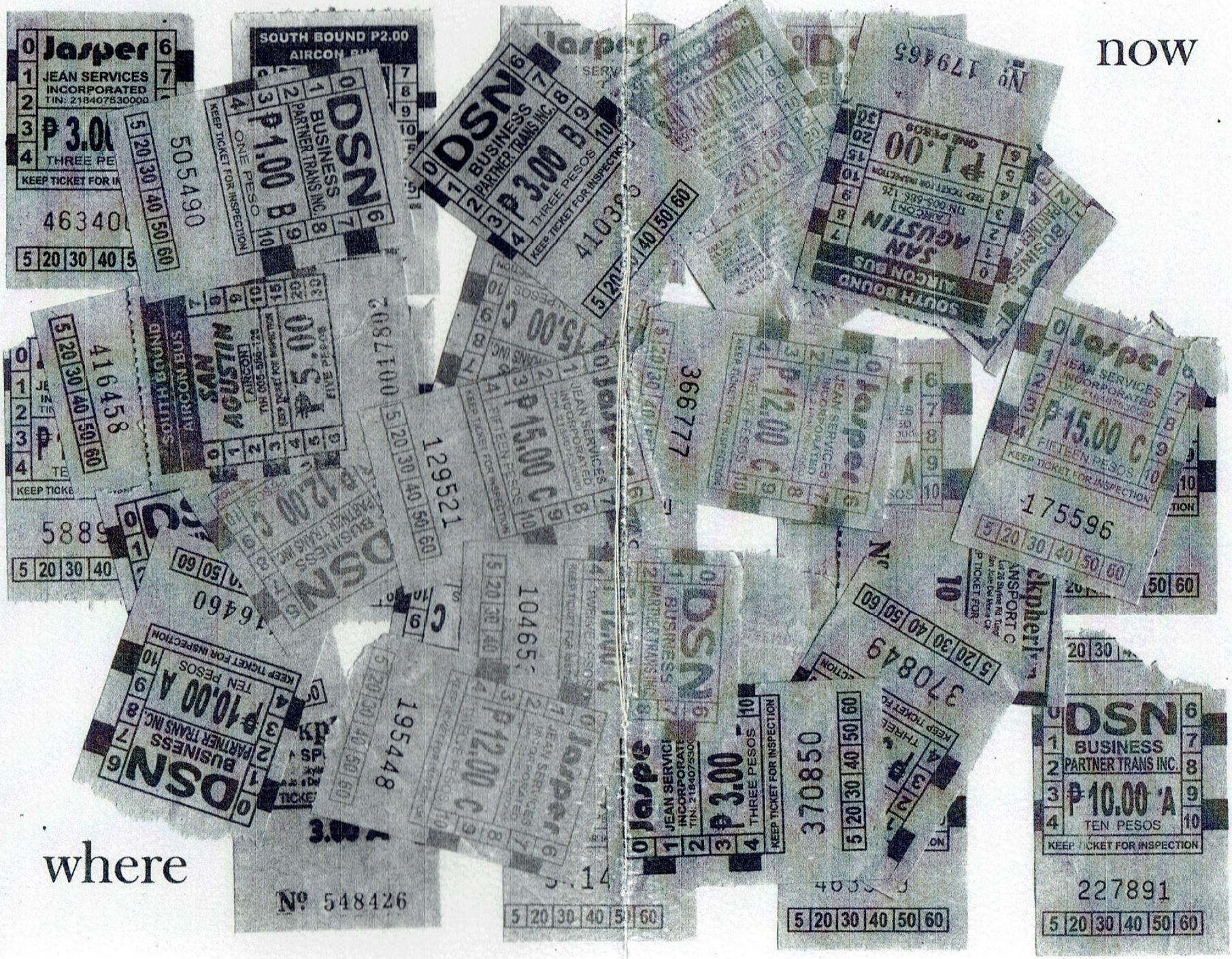
Jasper
JEAN SERVICES INCORPORATED
THREE PESOS
KEEP TICKET FOR INSPECTION
SOUTH BOUND P2.00
AIRCON
DSN
BUSINESS PARTNER TRANS INC.
₱ 1.00 B
ONE PESO
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227891

now

where

you wanted to be somewhere.

not here. not now. not in this crowded bus. not under the blaring sun. not where something is not in your control.

I was a slave to the grand scheme of things, as I forgot that the saying has gone nowhere. My body is made out of droplets from the rain that poured so heavily, mercilessly, from the once clear sky. I, myself, pattered down to puddles and mud. Wondering when will the heavy flow stop.

- a reminder to always bring an umbrella.

Words are far and gone

To an empty bedroom full of your shallow thoughts of naked women on the ceiling. Where saying thank you for last night is a waste. Where the notch on your bedpost is full. Where the pen is all out of ink. Where there was no more space left on the paper.

"A mere stop-over", you'd say as the alcohol poured. I'd laugh the same enthusiasm if it weren't for her averting eyes.

A fidgeting finger

A pitter-patter

A lone trembling sigh

A broken phone

A foggy window

A crying child

A year gone by

Whatever drove you to draw your last breath on the foggy window of an old Sonata- - to react on the moment so helplessly. The number kept keep calling you by your second name. Provoking your conscience to break in front of the devil himself while nothing is shown in the rearview mirror but a continuous line of broken streetlights.

keep your eyes on the road

keep your eyes on the road

keep your eyes on the road

the lady from the city saved me from rundown sentences.

sure enough, I caught him in a pedantic state near the washed-up campaign sign

justify your feelings

for what it’s worth, it means nothing

nothing for the moment

it is uncalled for

it is no one’s business

it will not empty these seats

it will not pay the dying man his debts

it will not feed the barren woman her imagination

it will not help a lost child

it will not satisfy your need

Blessed is the heavy traffic where you let your mind wander to continents you cannot be brave enough to conquer.

if only you graced so far from where you were born.

FOR USE EXCLUSIVELY IN MRT-3

SINGLE JOURNEY TICKET

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rural bus stops brought you joy while this city gave you the less of things.

I felt the earth shatter underneath

my cold feet

as the cars pass by

as the thought becomes clearer

no one

craved the same fate

The matter of everything unfolds in front of our faces almost every day,
where does it go?

The definite words written on metal sheets are meant to prelude
circumstances, where does it go?

The meaning begins under woeful blows of chances from the wicked games
of the universe, where does it go?

The well-lit avenue overflows with galaxies that kept on
trying, where does it go?

The mind in traffic jams drifts away somewhere too
far from our reach, where does it go?

you let the senseless

idea of a boulevard swallow you whole –

nothing to get in return.

I have mistaken the gravel for your ashes

once, these dead plants meant something to someone.

A misguided breath littered your neck.

I wanted them back but to no avail. You refused an exchange.

My lungs might cave in tonight but I'm sure yours are doing fine.

Hear the echoes

of fading footsteps from the busy pavements

Here, the echoes

of nothing from the calm ocean.

darling, so it goes | darling, so it goes | darling, so it goes |

and other so and so

and other so and so

and other so and so

and other so and so

sampaguita

uita sorry sampaguita

aguita sorry sampaguita

paguita sorry sampaguita

uita sorry sampaguita

a sorry sampaguita

Jasper

JEAN SERVICES INCORPORATED

TIN: 218-607-590-000

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TWELVE PESOS

KEEP TICKET FOR INSPECTION

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